

Hate Blood

Jermaine Dupri (jd)

What? Ya'll got hate in your blood
(This is fucked up)
Ya'll got hate in your blood
(This is fucked up man)
Ya'll got hate in your blood Listen, I know ya'll niggas want me
I hear ya'll niggas plottin', I see ya'll niggas lookin'
But I ain't stoppin', I'm gone in something fast
Through the city with no top that reach 220 on the dash I'm so hot in everybody's hood with other niggas' hoes
I'm throwin' paper at them bitches, screamin' So So
Now every spot I hit, I'm hearing different shit
About homies that want me that weren't with me when I started this It's fucked up but I, but I can't let these
niggas blurry my vision
On where I'm going and how I'm living, ya know?
I got a daughter now, young age three
If her daddy don't shine, then my shorty won't eat Feel me? Do I floss? Yes
Sometimes I hit the block so damn hard I start hatin' myself
It's bad, I feel your pain dawg
But the only thing I'm about to change is the game, motherfucker! If you're sick of seeing niggas pop Cris
And talkin' 'bout stacking chips, you know what?
(You got hate in your blood)
Sick of seeing Bentley's and hearing niggas talk about sittin' on dubs
(You got hate in your blood) If you're sick of seeing artists, it's the end
And hearing artists, it's the end, you know what?
(You got hate in your blood)
Listen, I know you niggas want me
I hear you niggas plottin', I see you niggas lookin'
But I ain't stoppin', it's on Papi had raw, then I bought him out, you know me, fuck niggas
Kill 'em all, let God sort 'em out, rapid fire got my hands shakin'
And everybody hate dyin' but most niggas die hatin'
While ya'll run to the bank, I run to the brink A real thug keep the Tommy gun under the mink
I got a glass kitchen, you can see what's under my sink
And I do shit just to do it, too much money to think
So you can hate all you want, I'mma still be 'Kiss Dirty, a lot of paper, filthy rich, JD's the architect, he built
these hits
Ruff Ryder's, So So Def, feel this shit
And you can tell any one of your boys
You might find 'em in a hood near you and any one of his toys 'Cause I know you got hate in your blood
Still dump eight in your mug
So cock sucker take it and love, uh If you're sick of seeing niggas pop Cris

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Listen, I know you niggas want me
I hear you niggas plottin', I see you niggas lookin'
But I ain't stoppin, it's onSomebody tell me why, man, somebody tell me why
Do niggas just hate, hate, hate the way they do man
Let me explain something to ya'll about me man
Why ya'll think I was the first rap nigga on MTV Cribs?'Cause I'm a young, fly, flashy motherfucker
Ya'll think I'mma stop, fuck naw
I'mma keep ridin' down the block with my hat bent
In the black bent, with them dubs on that shitWe gon' still be in the club poppin' Cristal, pourin' Belvedere on
bitches
We don't give a fuck, man
A matter of fact I wish I could smack the shit
Out of one ya'll niggas right now with some moneyBut you know what I'm saying
'Cause ya'll niggas just hate, hate, hate
Well, ya'll gonna have to just keep hatin' motherfuckersIf you're sick of seeing niggas pop Cris
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But I ain't stoppin, it's onBitch!